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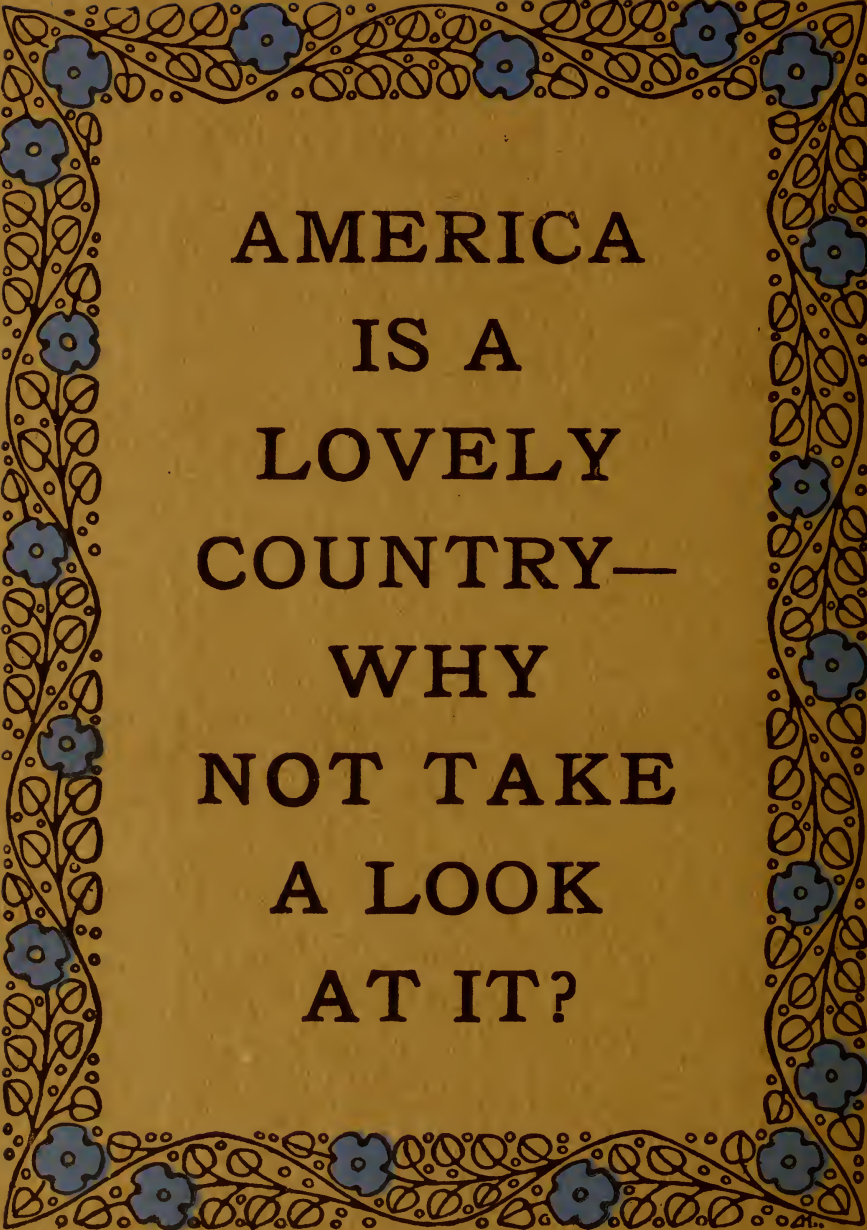


A LITTLE
JOURNEY
TO THE

YELLOWSTONE PARK

BY
ELBERT AND ALICE
'HUBBARD'





AMERICA
IS A
LOVELY
COUNTRY—
WHY
NOT TAKE
A LOOK
AT IT?

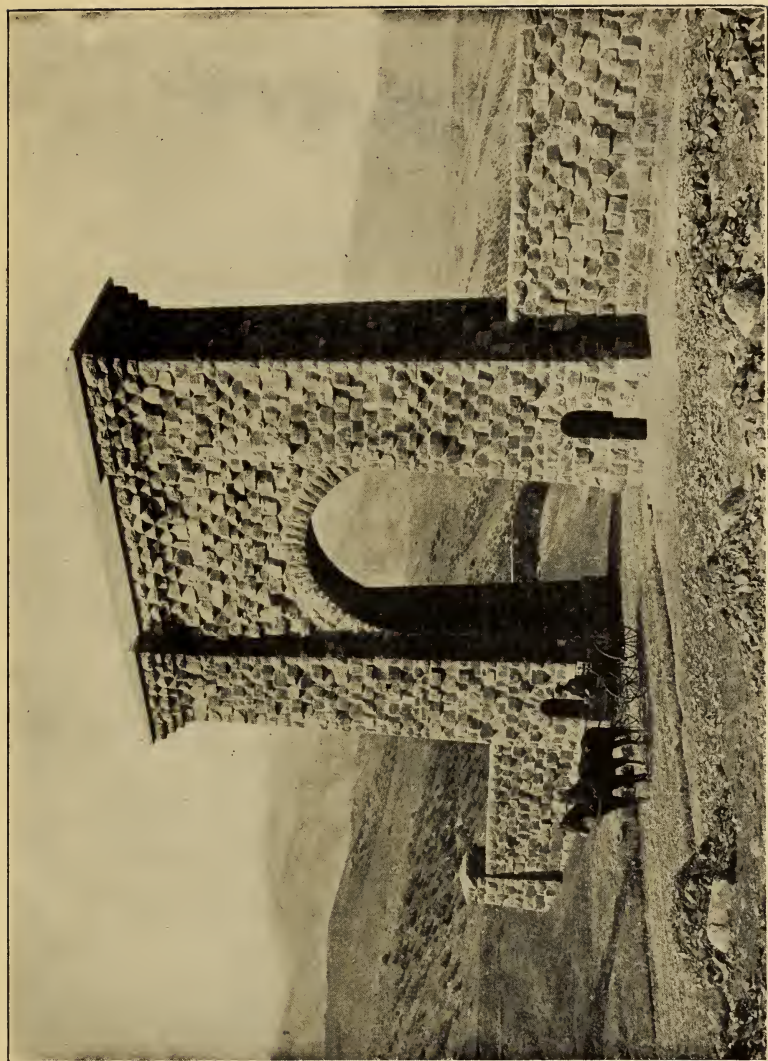
A Little Journey to the Yellowstone

By Elbert and Alice Hubbard



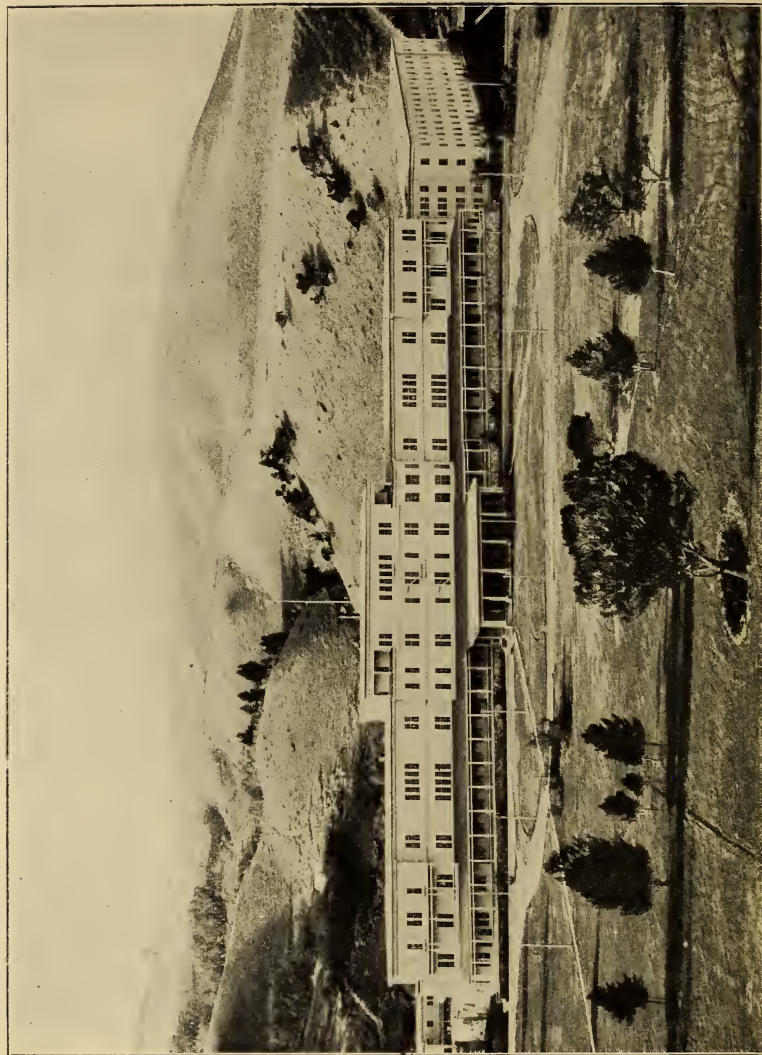
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By Elbert Hubbard



Haynes Photo, St. Paul

ENTRANCE TO YELLOWSTONE PARK



Haynes Photo. St. Paul

MAMMOTH SPRINGS HOTEL



A Little Journey to the YELLOWSTONE

THE Yellowstone National Park was formerly a part of Wyoming, Montana and Idaho. In Eighteen Hundred Seventy-two Congress declared this portion of the United States to be a National Park for the use of all of the people all of the time. The general Government assumed the responsibility of putting this Park in condition so that its wonders might be enjoyed comfortably by any traveler who might wish to enter.

Now it belongs to you and me!

Perhaps one of the greatest wonders of the Park is that the impersonal thing, called the Government, has succeeded in keeping itself out of sight and establishing a spirit in the Park so that every one who enters has a genuine community feeling of ownership.

Throughout our fourteen days' travel we saw not one symptom of vandalism or disrespect of the rights of others. On the contrary, every one wanted to preserve the beauty of the Park, to have a part in the protection of the Park, and also to assist in the building and promotion of the well-being of this natural wonderland.

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It was not necessary for Uncle Sam to plant his flag at the entrance to the Park. An American eagle has made her aerie high on a crag, which is announcement enough that all around are Uncle Sam's possessions.

Mammoth Hot Springs

THERE is an ascent of almost a thousand feet in the five-mile drive from Gardiner to Mammoth Hot Springs. It is a good pull for the six horses with a coach-load of thirty to forty people, but the trip is made in all too short a time, for the wonders begin as soon as you enter the Park. The sensation-mad world should make this trip. Here is a place to renew your youth and let the lost days catch up with you.

After three days and four nights of continuous travel on a train, you claim the out-of-doors as a natural right. Add to this, wonders, the like of which you have never dreamed, and even the perfectly appointed Mammoth Hotel with a menu comparable with any city cuisine can not long detain you.

It was evening when we arrived. A guide took us out over chalk-white terraces, interspersed with bubbling springs where the water was boiling hot. We saw an effect the cause of which has kept scientists guessing, for no one has been able to say, "I know why this is."

There is a "Bunsen Theory," which many people accept as the scientific cause.

But this does not interfere with the pleasure of every traveler having his own explanation of why the water

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perpetually boils and leaves great white cliffs as a deposit. He can dilate at length on his reasons for his wise conclusions: there are great strata of lime away down in the earth. Cold water comes in contact with the lime. Anybody who has whitewashed his henhouse knows that if you pour cold water on unslacked lime you will get a boiling substance that looks exactly like that which you see at Mammoth Hot Springs. The outer edge would naturally harden. A great crater would be built up. If the water were abundant, then it would overflow, and terraces would be formed. We were children in the presence of these wonders, and, like the human race in its childhood, we made explanations to suit ourselves.

The Devil's Kitchen

IT was an appalling sensation, however, next morning, when we visited the Jupiter Terrace and saw the great mammoth spring. We picked our way cautiously, stepping only where the guide told us it was safe to go, and took no risks with the fascinating beauty in the hundreds of feet depth of that mammoth spring. Down, down as far as the eye could see, were prismatic colors, varying and changing with the light, and shapes and forms of deposits, the most beautiful that could be conceived. The great Artist and Architect of beauty was there and had control, even in these terrifying surroundings.

"Just come this way," said the guide, "and let me show you the Devil's Kitchen." Down, down, down, we climbed, down the rude ladder made of slender spruce-trees that

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grew close by. Hotter and hotter it became as we descended, and when we reached the very end of the black hole it was hottest ☼ ☼

“What if——” we all began.

And then there started a scramble for the ladder.

The descent to Avernus was easy, but to come again into the upper air, “that the labor, that the work.”

“ H_2S_2 ,” sniffed the university student, learnedly.

“Let’s get out of here,” said the Fra.

How blue the sky was, how sweet the air when we came from the Stygian Cave.

In and out among these witches’ caldrons we carefully picked our way, over the Jupiter Terrace, down to the Angels.

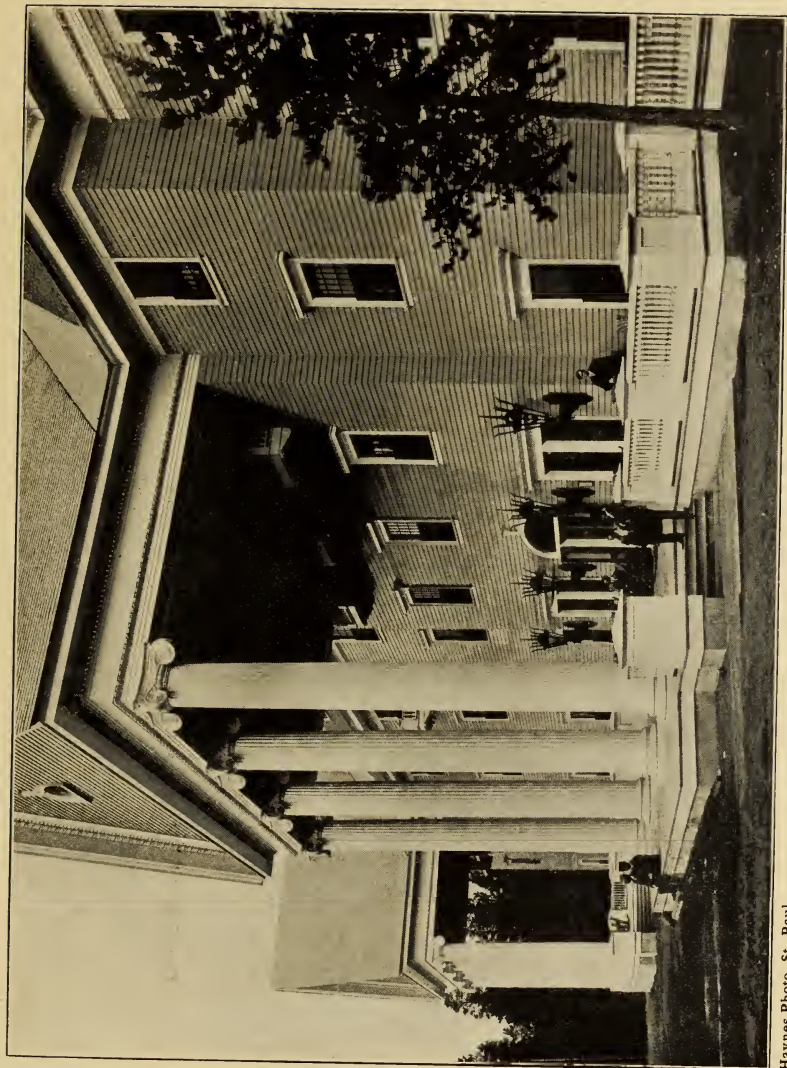
The Doe and Her Fawns

LOOK! Look! There ’s a deer,” some one whispered. And sure enough, there stood as beautiful a mother as ever noiselessly leaped through pathless forests.

“Wait! Wait! Give me my camera,” said the university student. “Everybody keep still. Wait!” And the amateur approached. Each one gave advice, but our photographer knew what she was about. So did the deer, who waited, put on her best expression, came up close to the camera, and said: “Opportunity may knock but once at your door, but I give you every chance in the world to get any kind of a picture of me that you want.”

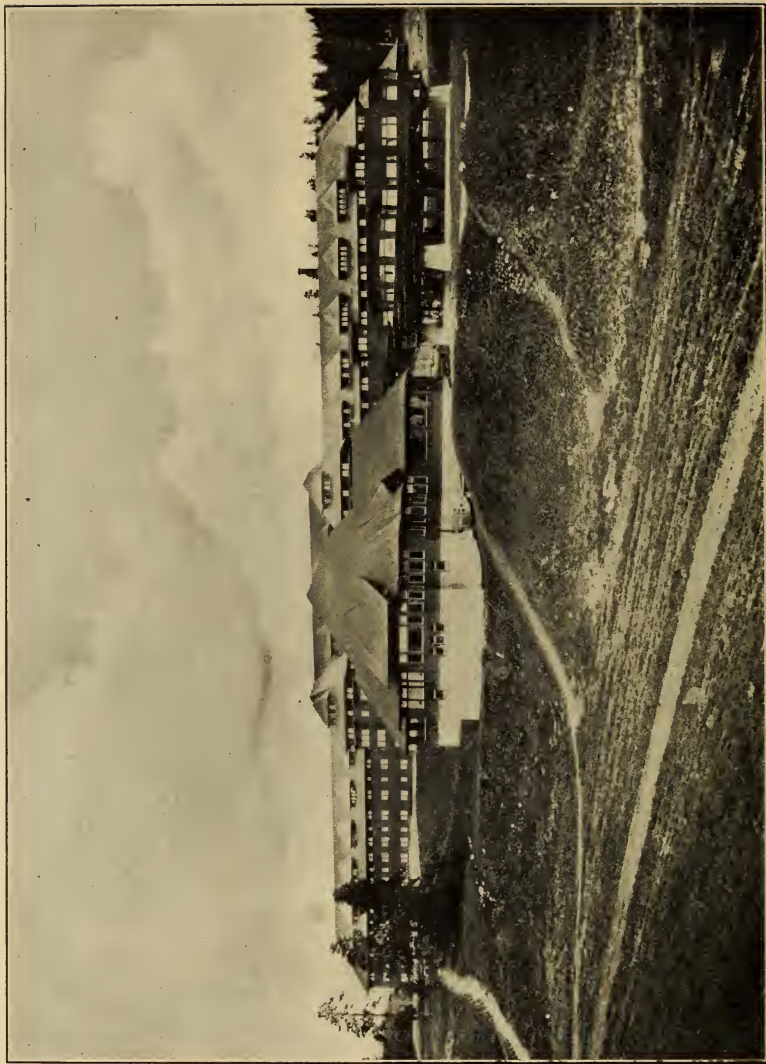
Was n’t she the greatest wonder of all!

Down the mountain a short distance we came upon her



Haynes Photo, St. Paul

LAKE HOTEL



Haynes Photo, St. Paul

GRAND CANYON HOTEL

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two fawns. Was she really so tame, or was she decoying us away from her babies?

No; her attitude towards us was genuine. She realized that she had the Federal Government behind her to maintain her right to life. The fawns posed for their pictures as successfully as did their mother.

This was our first morning at the Park. We went back to the beautiful hotel for lunch, to pack up our things and get ready for the joyous journey through the Park. Here we checked all surplus baggage, including our stock of adjectives and superlatives.

A Genius of Organization

THE Yellowstone Park Transportation Company is as well organized as our best railroads. Their schedule does not vary. Their coaches start as promptly as a railroad-train and they arrive as promptly. Their supervision and inspection are complete.

He is a master who has made this organization, who provides the horses, forage, co-operates with the Government, and can so operate the business, for three months, in the Summer, and economically provide for his horses, vehicles and drivers through the Winter, as to make this service possible. This man is a master.

The very nature of the work makes it a miraculous task. It would be easy to provide beautiful, perfect and complete service for twelve months in the year. But the Park is inaccessible to visitors, on account of the snow, except for three Summer months.

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If you need mental exercise, or want to solve a hard problem in economics, just figure on Mr. Child's propositions. Also, when you become interested in the problem, work out the modern hotel proposition which Mr. Child has every year. Bring into your equation the reliability, also the unreliability, of human service, even under the best conditions. Take the above-sea-level difficulties—eight thousand feet into the air. Add to your marketing the hauling of all foods from five to sixty miles over mountainous roads, and you will be appreciative of the work that Mr. Child does and does so gracefully.

Very little foodstuff can be raised in the Yellowstone Park district. But all vegetables come on to the table fresh, crisp and inviting.

In the middle of the day the sun is radiantly warm. At night you need steam-heat in your room. The hotels must be cool in the middle of the day, warm night and morning. It costs much to meet these needs. And yet the price for staying at these hotels is very moderate indeed.

In spite of all difficulties, these hotels have the dignity of being self-sustaining. This means that Mr. Child and his assistants are A students in the subject of economics. They are also psychologists, philosophers, and scientific withal.


Earl the Magician




I CAN not imagine a better driver than the one provided for us. During the hundred and thirty miles we rode with him, he never spoke to his four horses except in kindly tones. He never struck them. His care of them was perfect.

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
He fed them, watered them and cleaned them. His thought for himself was incidental. Besides being a fine driver and teamster, he was a guide and fisherman.

One midday we had a lunch at "Good Camp, Good Water." 

Earl hitched his horses in the most comfortable place . Like a magician he was transformed into a fisherman and went out to the Fire-Hole River to get trout for dinner. While we washed our hands, looked up and down at the scenery and wondered about fish, Earl held up a trout. In a minute he had another. In twenty minutes from the time he left us, he returned with four of the most beautiful rainbow-trout anybody ever saw. Who dressed the fish? Earl, of course. Who cooked them? Fifty-fifty. Who ate them? We, Us & Co. And I am glad to say that in the kingdom of our hearts, those who had best served stood highest  .

The Land of Surprises

THERE was no spot along the way that was not interesting. Of course we were looking for wild animals, the unusual and the wonderful, and we saw it.

Some one said, "Now that we have seen deer, I wish that we could see a bear." And, presto, one walked out from the woods, turned, looked at us, and in good bear language said: "Here I am. Have your wish." Three or four more followed  .

Then we saw a camp and realized that the bears were there for other than exhibition purposes, for, be it known, that

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bears' feeding-grounds are around camps, hotels, and in places where human food is discarded. Honey-cans are their delight. Syrup-tins are lapped to the last perfume of sweets. Cake, bread, meat, anything that is left over from your plate, is excellent food for Bruin. So bears are semi-domesticated animals for three months of the year in the Yellowstone.

Mountain-roads are not usually very smooth. The roads in the Yellowstone are remarkably good. But the Government has no easier problem in economics than has Mr. Child. You can not stretch an appropriation.

Although to the layman the amount of money appropriated for our National Parks seems great, yet it is very little for what has to be done in these parks in order that they may be used by the public at all. Those who expend this money have used it to very excellent advantage in building roads, cutting them through solid rock, sprinkling them, building bridges, viaducts and sluiceways. The engineers have done well. There is a natural course marked out for a road by the stream, but to so plan the highways that visitors may see the wonders of the Park most easily and economically is another great problem well solved in the Yellowstone. "The nation is buying and preserving scenery," said Mr. Daniels, Superintendent of our National Parks and Forests. "We need grandeur of scenery just as much as we need other sources of inspiration. Our National Parks are set aside, preserved, cared for and promoted for the purpose of supplying this need to a nation, and so the engineers laid out the roads to pass just as many inspiring points as possible."

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The Norris Geyser

AS we drove into the Norris Geyser Basin it seemed to us that some one had gathered together a collection of the most interesting natural wonders possible. The whole mountainside, far and near, was smoking and steaming with what looked like the incense of commerce, but we soon found that this activity was from Nature's underworld workshops so so

We had seen hot springs, but no geysers until this time. The difference between a hot spring and a geyser is this: A hot spring boils and bubbles only—is an old geyser. A geyser is a hot spring which at regular or irregular intervals spasmodically throws off water, steam or stones—whatever is in the spring-basin.

The Norris Geyser Basin gave anything that we asked for, and added a baker's dozen for good measure and then more.

¶ We had drunk from the Apollinaris Spring on the way to Norris, a spring that any drugstore in a city could make a fortune out of.

Jumbo had climbed the Obsidian Cliff and brought away trophies so so

We had seen the Beaver Lake, the beaver-dams, and the Twin Lakes—the one blue, the other green. We had heard the Roaring Mountain at a distance; had seen the Frying-Pan, where the water gurgles, bubbles and boils.

But we were not prepared for the surprises of the Norris Geyser Basin.

We reached there just at sunset. We thought Mrs. Cook, the Manager of the Norris Lunch-Station, had turned on

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the power for our benefit. The Opal Springs, Iris, Onyx, Arsenic, Primrose, Congress Pool, were all shimmering and glittering in the sun. And look, look! There is a geyser, the first sure-enough one we have seen.

Twenty feet into the air the water shot, and the steam went ten feet higher. For ten seconds this geyser continued, and then it rested. In thirty seconds again the water sparkled and glistened in the sunlight twenty feet above the crater.

The Whirligig

AND just beyond there was another where the water swirled round and round—the Whirligig Geyser. Twenty feet high this water was sent, and the steam and drops of water went as far out in every direction.

The great basin was astir with water, steam and that awesome, subterranean noise. What was that perpetual growl? Was it a den of bears, lions or what? “After dinner we will go over there.”

We were all hungry. Luncheon at the camp had been hours ago, and now dinner was ready.

What a dainty, abundant and delicious dinner it was!

Outside it was weird and wild. Within everything was refined and the food as delicate as you could have in your own home. This was an unexpected combination.

Brook-trout! There was no question about their being fresh 🐟 🐟

This dinner gave us unusual courage, and we braved a close inspection of springs, geysers and that horrible noise. Was this the infernal world Virgil and Dante wrote about?

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The odors from some of the geysers were certainly suggestive of what Dante described.

The pools of boiling water were fascinating to look into. The Constant and Whirligig Geysers are close together, and the spreading steam made you walk by faith and stick to the boards which marked the safe passage.

On we went into the very presence of this fearful Growler, past the Mud Geyser bubbling and spouting boiling mud, to where a great hole in the hillside was sending out steam and the most horrible growls imaginable.

We came back to the roadway, took a close look into Congress Pool, Primrose Spring, and Nuphar Lake, and then talked it over on the porch awhile, where the stars and the moon calmly shone down on these unique and terrible wonders.

Early the next morning we swished the August frost from the asters and goldenrod and went out into the woods looking for bear for breakfast. We went down into the geyser basin again and then back to Mrs. Cook's superb breakfast.

The Fountain Hotel

It was a pity to leave such delicious food ; it was a pity to eat it. However, one delicacy followed another in quick succession on our plates, and then off we started, out for another day of wonders.

The Black Growler growled as we passed him by. The Steam-Valve sizzled and threatened. We looked into the depths of the Emerald Pool and watched the Minute-Man Geyser.

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The basin was full of surprises that you could not pass by. They demanded attention.

It was almost noon when we reached the Fountain Hotel where Nature has made another collection of wonders. Here are the Mammoth Paint-Pots, a basin forty by sixty feet with a rim on three sides four or five feet in height, ready for the use of Kipling's artist to dip his comet's hair brush, "And splash at a ten-league canvas."

And there is the Silex Pool close by, where he can get any tint he wants.

Picturesque Nomenclature

MANY of the springs, geysers and fountains, as well as places throughout the Park, were named by orthodox people who believed that his Satanic Majesty was far superior in strength and power to the God of good. He was also dramatic, alert and active, and so, naturally, the most interesting places were named as being in the dominion of the god of the underworld.

The guide showed us the Devil's Tea-Kettle. It was a big one, boiling and bubbling ready for use.

Nearby was Buffalo Spring, into which, many years ago, some misguided buffalo walked, and his bones may be seen therein to this very day.

Just beyond was another bottomless pit into which an Indian girl fell and was never seen again.

The Sulphur Spring was bubbling and sending out tragic odors. The Steady Geyser was perpetually throwing boiling water into the air.

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Fire-Hole Lake sent the hot water in shallow streams all about us and the horses walked through this unafraid. On we went through creeks of hot water up to the Great Fountain Geyser, which throws boiling water a hundred feet into the air for a half-hour at a time every eight or twelve hours.

It was a place of terrible wonders. No one had time or inclination to think of himself. It was a wonder world, and we were eager for what should come next.

Excelsior

ONE of the greatest is the geyser known as the Excelsior, formerly known as "Hell's Half-Acre," a great pit in which the water is very much agitated always and covered with thick clouds of steam, but which has not played since Eighteen Hundred Eighty-eight, at which time it was known to have thrown water and masses of rock several hundred feet into the air. As the children say, what goes up must come down, and tons of rock were dropped into the Fire-Hole River several hundred feet away. The Excelsior Geyser is respected profoundly. Nobody knows what it will do next or when it will do it, and even the unwise are not foolhardy near it.

Turquoise Spring, a hundred feet in diameter, has the most exquisite coloring that the earth knows.

Prismatic Lake, two hundred fifty by four hundred feet, has all the colors from deep blue in the center to green and gold at the margins, outside of which there are red deposits which shade into purple, brown and gray, all on a ground of

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grayish white, which change as the light changes over the opal surface of the pool.

Sapphire Pool is no less beautiful.

Perhaps the most remarkable in its beauty is the Morning-Glory Spring twenty feet in diameter, beautiful as a dream, terrible in its enticing depths.

We were very fortunate in seeing the Artemisia Geyser active. Earl said he had never seen it active but once before, because it is irregular and plays once every twelve to twenty-four hours.

Old Faithful

AND now we are fairly into the land of the geysers, and Old Faithful Inn is in sight.

The Old Faithful Inn is surrounded by the most brilliant activities of the entire Park. Beginning with Artemisia there are geysers on every hand.

The natural beauties of Fire-Hole River are enhanced by the Riverside Geyser, and the Giant which throws the water two hundred fifty feet and has a duration of activity of an hour and a half—the most brilliant geyser in the world ☞ ☞


The Oblong is very near to the river's brink. The Witches' Caldron, the Terra Cotta, the Sprinkler, the Lion, the Lioness and the Giantess are close to the water's edge.

The Beehive, the Grand and the Splendid, when active, throw the water two hundred feet. But these large ones are less frequent and sure than many of the smaller ones ☞

The Old Faithful is perhaps the one most renowned and

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most loved—if that word can be applied to so terrible a phenomenon as a geyser. Once every hour, varying only by a few minutes, Old Faithful sends a stream of water and steam a hundred and fifty feet high, for four minutes at a time. It is a wonderful spectacle, no matter at what time you see it.

The first night spent at the Old Faithful Inn, if your rooms are, as were ours, where you can see and hear Old Faithful, you awaken in the night and listen for the “sp-sp-bim-bam-fsch.” If the moon is shining you look out of the window and enjoy the spectacle of the moonlight on the cascade .

The last morning at the Old Faithful, we arose early. There was a feeling that we were parting from something very dear, and we wanted to see the Geyser in the sunlight once more. We heard her at four o'clock, and now at five the sun would be coming over the mountains and it was time for Old Faithful, so we watched and watched.

True to the minute, as the sun appeared over the mountain, Old Faithful sent up such a glory of crystals of steam and water that it was a salutation to the dawn well worth while waiting for.

Old Faithful Inn

THE Old Faithful Inn gets into your heart, too. There is something so big and splendid about the Inn, something so homelike in the care and attention to details which Mrs. Underwood, the manager of the Inn, gives to the entire place, that you regret leaving the great big fireplace, the

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cozy corners and the sunny dining-room. Most of all, we disliked to say good-by to the woman who makes this complete and good time possible for every guest.

We did not forget the bears, either, who have been terrifyingly fascinating. We remembered how their eyes shone like fires away out in the woods when the searchlight was turned on in the evening. We remembered how we hated to go and yet wanted to see the bears at their evening meal. They stole out of the woods noiselessly. We saw them so unexpectedly near that we were afraid, and yet did not go away. We remembered that we had been told never to run from a black bear; that he could go faster than a horse could gallop; that we must stay and face him—especially a mother bear. There was a mother bear with her cubs. She was coming right toward us. Why did we leave the Inn? Why be so foolish as to throw away our sweet lives for nothing? She was coming nearer and nearer. Suddenly her baby slid down the long bare length of the trunk of a spruce-tree and ran to his mother in a very human, saucy way and tried to grab a morsel she had in her jaws. She stopped suddenly, chastised him as he deserved, and he ran whimpering into the woods. She followed him of course and consoled him with a part of her supper.

We laughed. It was so human and so a part of natural life that we forgot our fears and the tragedy, and were back to earth ☘ ☘

Good-by, Old Faithful Inn, and good-by, Old Faithful Geyser! Play on every hour and keep watch until we come again for another inspiration!

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The Yellowstone Flower

EARL and his horses were ready at the door and we were off just at seven.

The sun rose high and illumined the activities of the geysers that were steaming on every hand.

It was morning everywhere. Hot springs, geysers, rivers, birds, chipmunks, squirrels, woodchucks—everything was alert and active.

Why say good-by to anything, or feel sad at parting with anything, since there was something just as well worth while, just as attractive, wherever we looked?

And there, can you believe it, amid all this unmanageable, uncontrolled, unharnessed power, grows the little blue-fringed gentian, as delicate as a harebell, as dainty as a windflower, as blue as the sky! These flowers so rare, so sought after in the East, grow here in this wildness in profusion. Here amidst vastness, are these dainty blossoms with petals fringed as fine as the threading of lace. There are myriads of them all through the Park in the low, moist meadows and near the geysers. But they are never common. The blue-fringed gentian is always rare.

The Continental Divide

FROM the Upper Geyser Basin is a stiff climb to the Continental Divide. Up and up we went until the summit was reached—eight thousand five hundred feet above sea-level.

¶ Here is Isa Lake, beautiful, cold water, a two-ocean pond. The water on one side runs into the Atlantic and the other into the Pacific.

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Earl's skill as a driver was never more shown than in his management of the horses and coach on the narrow, cork-screw road coming down the mountain.

Not the least surprising wonder of the Park is to be found at an altitude of seven thousand seven hundred forty-one feet—Yellowstone Lake, twenty miles across, of irregular shape, of the purest, coldest, clearest water.

You think this is a dream lake or a mirage, until Admiral Dave comes and insists on your having a ride with him across to the Colonial Hotel.

What a ride it was in the clear, cool air, not a cloud in the sky, and our view uninterrupted on every side for many miles around.

They say there is great fishing in this lake, but we could not prove it, because our fisherman was driving the four-in-hand around along the shore to meet us at the Colonial Hotel 

Of course we saw the bears in their feeding-grounds in the woods back of the Colonial Hotel.

Then we heard the stories concerning these particular bears: how one got into the basement of the kitchen where the stores are kept, and pleaded for something extra on account of an accident to one of his paws.

Then we heard how somebody got perilously near a mother bear with twin cubs. Everybody said "run" and did run away, except the particularly brave youth who defied mother love as well as mother wrath, stood his ground, and found that Old Cinnamon did not consider him worth noticing after all.

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The Hike

WE left a call that night for four-thirty. All we wanted for breakfast was an orange. But the head waiter was on hand with a pot of steaming coffee and hot toast. Then we were off.

Fifty-fifty and Jumbo, two brave men, said they would walk the trifling distance of seventeen miles to the Grand Canyon Hotel.

It was nothing! They would get over before we did. And they started off at a mighty pace which looked as though they could outtrot horses.

Just where we passed them we do not remember, but their starting speed reminded us of the carving placed on the Roman temples: "Be bold! Be bold! Be bold! Be not too bold!"

What a ride it was! Surely, morning is the natural time to be up

It was crisp and cold, so we walked for awhile. And yes, those are elk down on the river-bottom feeding. Whist, quietly! They will hear us and run away. Yes, they hear us! Up the hill they go and disappear over the top, the personification of grace and speed. It would take a bold, cruel and clever hunter to get them.

Wild ducks, geese, grouse, pelican, crane, were out that morning getting their manna. Every now and then a trout would jump up in the Yellowstone River.

What a river it is! Rising in the northern part of Wyoming, traversing this State and Montana, winding its way for thirteen hundred miles to the Missouri!

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The Upper Falls

NOW the hills are growing larger on each side of the river. They are almost mountains. Here and there are wooded plateaus—great feeding-grounds for elk and deer. Those fields at the left must be the feeding-grounds for those thirty-five thousand elk which they say remain there throughout the Winter. Perhaps, too, they cross the river and eat the grass on those broad meadows on the opposite side from us.

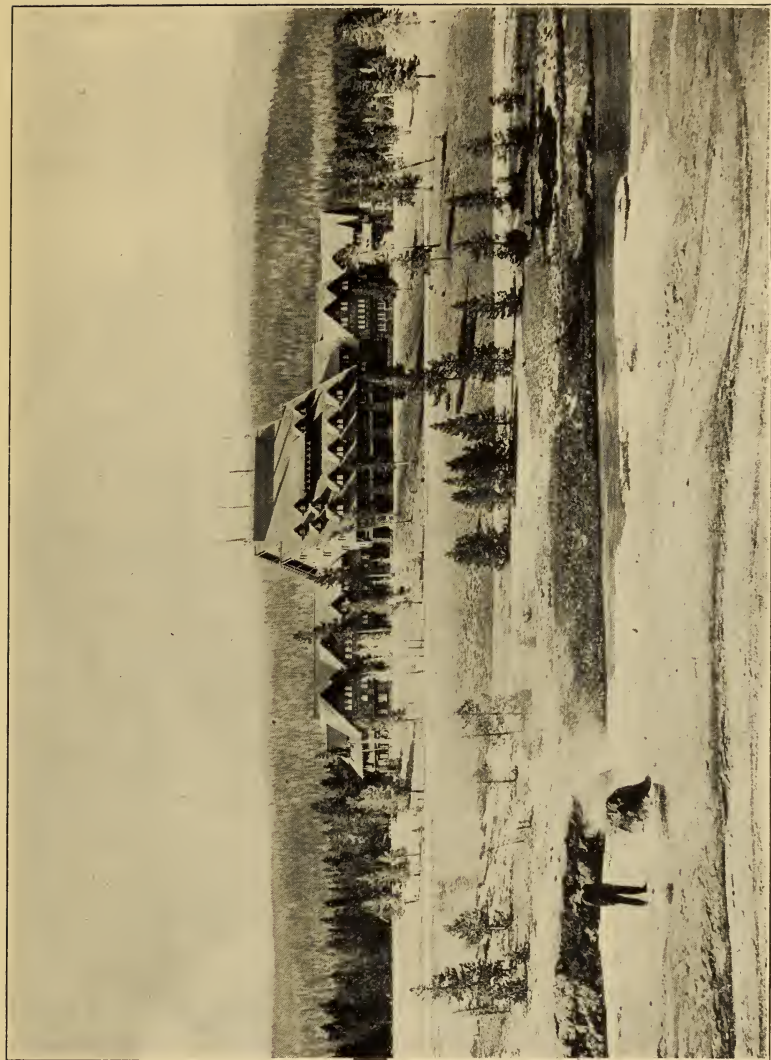
The banks of the river are growing awesomely high. All along the sides are the wonderful colorings of which we have been told—yellow, red, pink, blue—rainbow colors. The river is now far below us. The road is narrow and hewn out of the mountainside.

We stop for a view of the Upper Falls, where the Yellowstone River falls precipitously one hundred twelve feet. "Oh, this is nothing!" said Earl. "Wait until you see the big falls."

It has been quite a long journey after all, even for us. We wonder how the once joyous pedestrians are getting along! Do their feet still continue to feel like wings? Is Mercury still vying with Mercury in speed and lightness of motion? We will see! We will see!

The Marvelous Canyon Hotel

IS it possible that that wonderful building in the distance, colored like the walls of the canyon, and seemingly of the same size—is it possible that that is the Canyon Hotel? Here in the mountains, a hotel of five hundred rooms,



Haynes Photo, St. Paul

OLD FAITHFUL INN



Haynes Photo, St. Paul

OLD FAITHFUL GEYSER

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spacious and generous beyond the dream of any city hotel !
¶ Was ever breakfast so good as the one which we had there at nine o'clock ! How beautiful and refined was the polished natural wood of the dining-room, reception-room and assembly-room. What a harmony in form and color ! It was all in perfect taste with the magnificent natural surroundings.

Then we stood at the rotunda of the staircase looking into and down upon the largest Lounge-Room in any hotel in the world so so

What an auditorium ! What a community Reception-Room, where families might find their cozy corners—as large or as small as they wished !

“How many acres ?” inquired an irrelevant one. “But it can not be measured in feet !” she insisted.

And it can not.

“The room cost a million dollars,” persisted the young enthusiast. “Look at those rugs ! Beautiful as the weavers’ craft can body forth an artist’s dream ! See the hangings, pictures, chairs and lounges ! Everything luxurious, rich, magnificent, and yet simple and beautiful !”

“How about the Turquoise Spring, Fire-Hole River, the Giant Geyser at work !” I asked.

“This room is just as wonderful, just as unique, just as well worth seeing as any other wonder we have seen in the Park,” was the warm rejoinder.

And all the young lady said is true.

This great room alone is worth making the trip to the Yellowstone to see.

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The Eagle's Aerie

WE went out to look at the Great Falls, down what seemed like a thousand steps, and stood on a platform, which made us a very part of the canyon.

The awful splendor is indescribable.

The Yellowstone River falls precipitously here three hundred sixty feet. As the sun shines down into the spray of beaten water a rainbow is formed—that promise of peace even in this tempestuous activity.

We climbed back, and then went on to Inspiration Point, where a cliff juts out from which you look down into an abyss a quarter of a mile below. It was so tremendous a sensation that the light of reason was put out. The brain would not work. It was terrifying—awful. We tried to think, but the only ideas that would formulate were, “What if——” The animal instinct to fly from danger was getting possession of us, when we were made sane by that cry, common to all kingdoms in life, wherever there is life—the cry of hunger from the young and the answer of the mother. This time it was three little eagles telling their mother that they were hungry. They wanted their dinner.

¶ “Mother, mother, we are awfully hungry. Can’t you hurry along with that fish?”

There they were, two hundred feet below us, on the top of a precipitous tower rock, standing carelessly on the edge of the eagle’s nest. There was nothing to break a fall for several hundred feet down.

Still they cried. They were soon answered by their economically independent mother, who was a thousand feet

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below them getting dinner for the family. She came back and told them they must be patient—she would be there soon, but dinner was not yet quite ready.

We watched her wheel away, down, down, to the very surface of the Yellowstone River. Would she have good luck fishing? Was her bait all right?

All personal fear was forgotten. We were just interested in bird economics.

“By the way, where are we?” we said.

“In the Canyon of the Yellowstone.”

“Yes, but where is the Yellowstone Park?”

It was once a part of the Territory of Wyoming—the Territory dear to the heart of every woman who is working for the practical development of woman, and through her, the human race.

The Women of Wyoming

WOMAN and man working together changed Wyoming from a desert drear to a country of homes and wealth. The men of Wyoming were intelligent and they recognized that the women had done as much as men to make Wyoming possible. Women were not excluded from any public interest, for everything of interest to any one was as vital to the women as it was to the men. Perhaps even more, because the women have children whose welfare is vital to them in a way that could not quite be understood by men. And so, when this Territory asked admission into the Union as a State, the Federal Government refused at first unless the women would be disbarred from political rights.

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The men persistently refused unless the State would be admitted giving the women political freedom on equal terms with men.

This mother eagle seemed to be just as much interested in everything in the eagle world as any eagle could possibly be.

¶ All questions of economics and government she evidently had to settle without even consulting with the father of her family. And as to the education of her children, that seemed to be a personal affair, too.

This mother eagle is quite an individual. Here she comes with a big fish in her talons. The little eagles flap their wings, scramble to the edge of the nest and call out, "Our mother is some eagle."

"Good fishing forever!" we waved to the mother bird. "May no harm ever come to you and your eaglets!"

We were deeply grateful, for this family had made us friendly with the canyon. We were no longer afraid of its bigness and its awfulness. It was all a part of Nature, of which we were also a part.

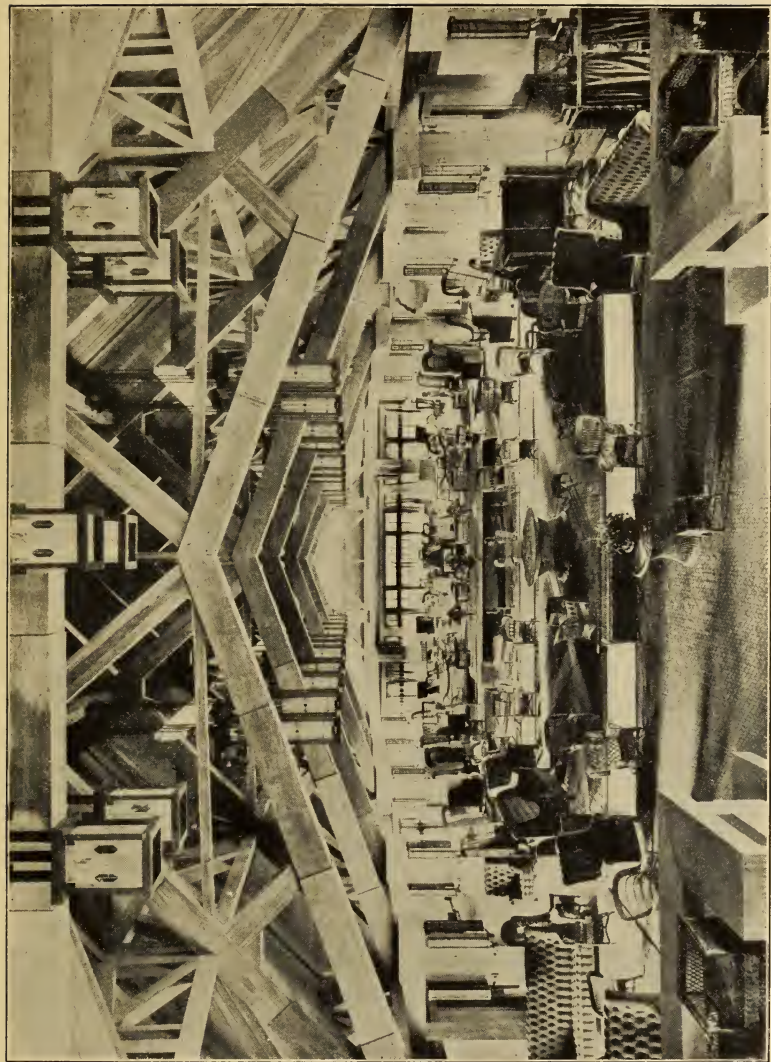
"Look! Look!" said the young lady, when we were back in the Hotel for dinner, and she pulled us by the sleeve to the window. "See that 'March de Triomphe' coming up the road. Who are those mighty two?"

One limps lugubriously—Fifty-fifty—whom we call, the Emperor. Look at the size of the other—sore, every ounce of him. What a weariness!

"Where are your Mercury wings?" we called heartlessly.

"Take a little exercise!"

It was beautiful to hear the tales of these champions.



Haynes Photo, St. Paul

GRAND CANYON HOTEL LOUNGE



Haynes Photo, St. Paul

GREAT FALLS FROM BELOW

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

Fearfully cruel it was to challenge them to more exercise, but Jumbo would see the Silver Tips, on principle, and Fifty-fifty was game to the end.

Mount Washburn

FROM the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone to Mount Washburn is a drive of ten miles.

Evidently the Government has employed the best engineers in laying out that road, and intelligent supervision has been given its construction and maintenance.

It is an exhilarating experience to drive to an altitude of over ten thousand feet above sea-level. It is not quite so interesting to walk it, although you must walk as well as ride in order to get the greatest possible benefit, for the air is crisp and light, and the walk uphill keeps the blood circulating ☛ ☛

From the tip top of Mount Washburn you can see the world in much of its glory. It is an entrancing view. You are in love with living. You want to do more of it. You plan to do big things when you get down into the world again ☛ It was a long, happy day of scenery, unlike anything we had ever before seen. We were alert from choice. We did not wish to miss anything, and there was something new constantly—buffalo ranging over the hills; elk, deer, antelope may cross the road at any moment.

Everywhere the signs of intelligence in the care for the safety of the Nation's guests; everywhere beautiful service; everywhere the natural wildness of hundreds of thousands of years ago—history everywhere.

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


The Fort

WHAT are the red roofs and gray stones in the distance? **Q** Yes, those are the Fort buildings, Colonel Brett's Headquarters, from where he goes to every portion of the Park in his careful supervision.

We just met the forage-master and were saluted by him. We return the salute with gratitude for the order, system and organization of which he is a part.

And that is the brilliantly colored Jupiter Terrace. At the right is the Minerva. And the beautiful coloring is surely the Angel Terrace.

How long it seems since we first saw these wonders! We have lived so much since we left here that the days seem years  .

The horses start up without being asked as they approach the Mammoth Hotel. There are the same kindly friends to welcome us back who bade us good-by and a beautiful journey when we left. We are given a suite of rooms with every comfort that we could have in our own home—light, warmth, a refreshing bath, a little sleep, and then the dining-room.

Being Born Again

IS it possible we have gone all those miles in these strange and wonderful surroundings, alert every instant of the time, and feel refreshed, sunburned and joyous? It is not only possible but true. We have had a marvelous vacation—unique in a lifetime's journey. Senses have been exercised to their limit and the brain has not been idle. We are

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refreshed, invigorated, alert, alive, relaxed, but ready for work ♣ ♣

What a trip it is! Why have we never known about it before? Why did not some one tell us that the Yellowstone Park was the place for us?

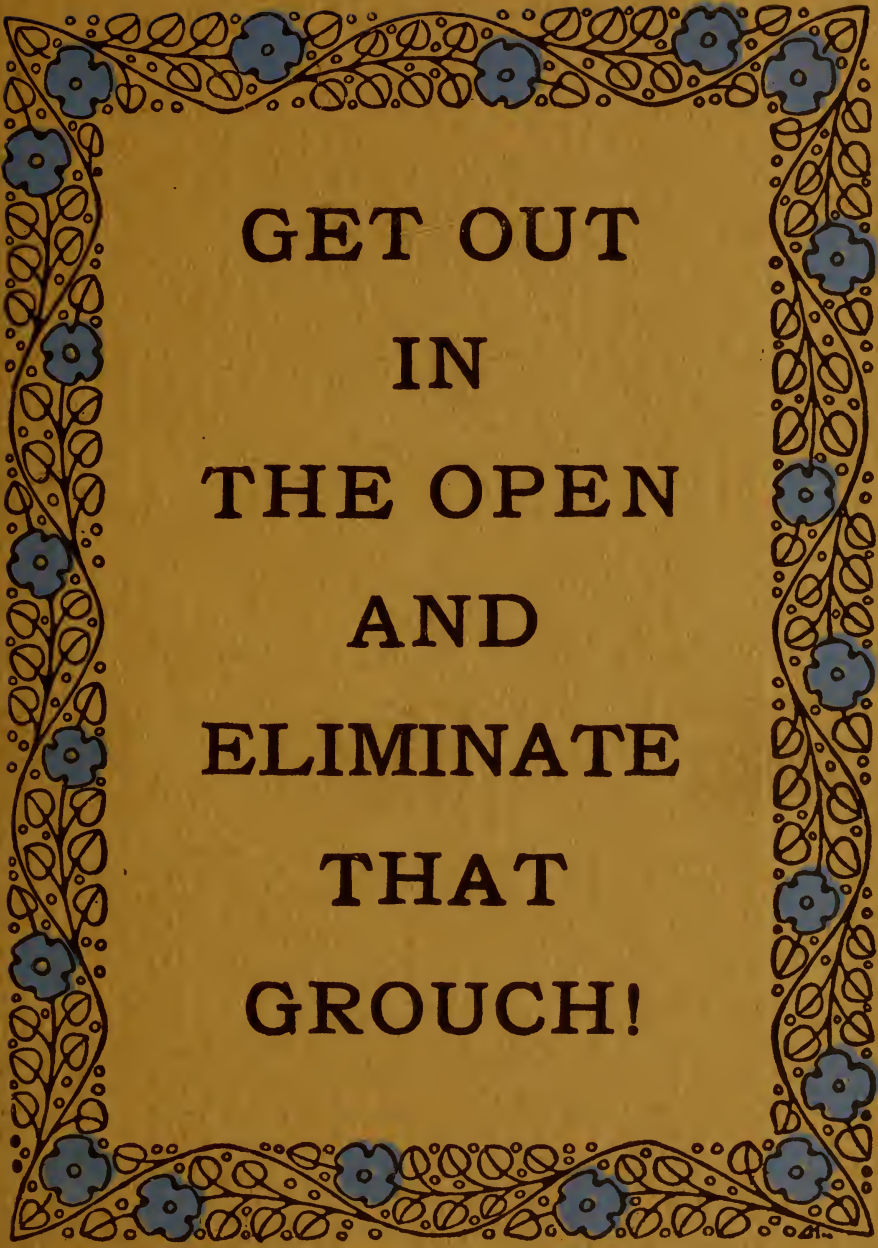
What hospitality everybody in the Park shows!

We leave deeply regretting that it is the journey's end instead of the journey's beginning.

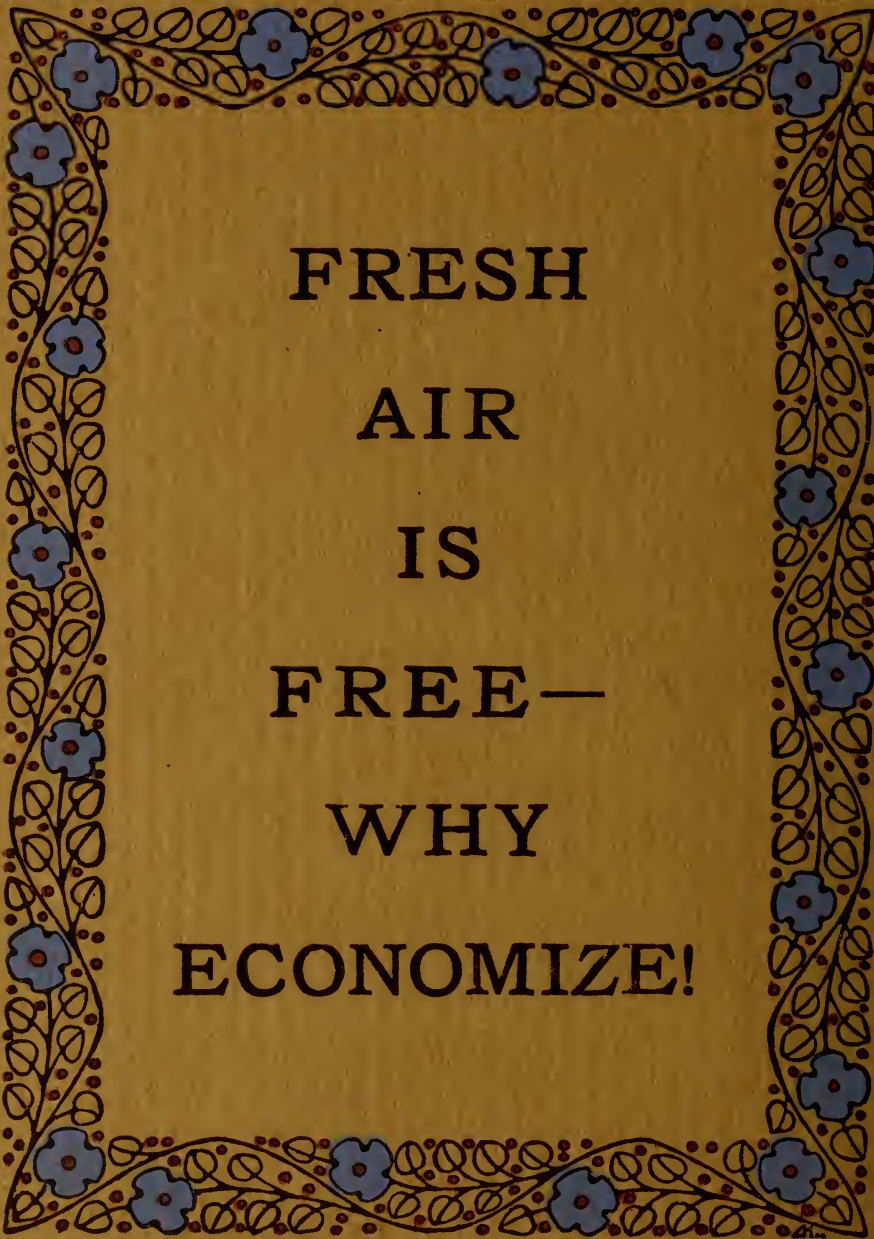
The trip home is a mere pastime. Our friends—how charming, how dear, how thoughtful and appreciative they are! Our capacity for appreciation has been enlarged. So has our sense of beauty and grandeur. We are greater people than when we went away.

And we resolve that the next time we find ourselves growing weary and need inspiration we will take another trip to **THE YELLOWSTONE.**

SO HERE, THEN, ENDETH "A LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE
YELLOWSTONE," AS FAITHFULLY SET DOWN BY ELBERT
AND ALICE HUBBARD. DONE INTO A PRINTED BOOK
BY THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, NEW YORK STATE



**GET OUT
IN
THE OPEN
AND
ELIMINATE
THAT
GROUCH!**



FRESH
AIR
IS
FREE—
WHY
ECONOMIZE!